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Little Folks

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THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

$2.00 a year

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS

AT GRANDMOTHER'S
the JELL-O hour

IT'S fun to go to Grandma's; I help to milk the cows
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Clinton, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—We have taken you in our home for only about one year, but all my little sisters and brothers certainly enjoy reading you. I like the "Letter Bag." I have never seen a letter from this part of the state. I am fifteen years old, and a sophomore in high school. I would like someone in the western states to write to me, or someone in a foreign country. I will try to answer all the letters I receive, and would like to hear from any reader whose birthday is November 19th. I live at 301 N. Walnut Street.

Thelma Barr.

Beacon, New York

Dear "Little Folks":—There are four children in our family and our grandmother takes Little Folks for us. We like it very much. I am twelve years old and my birthday is December 11th; I am in the eighth grade. I love Little Folks, particularly the Playroom Cook page. My father has a Buick Motor Car and we went up near Lake Ontario in it this summer. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Mark, Myron and Miriam. Would some of Little Folks readers write to me? I will try to answer all the letters I get. My address is 501 Main St.

Louise Gurnee.

Auburn, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am nine years old. I have been to Bronx Park in New York and seen many animals. I saw different sized monkeys, elephants, kangaroos and other animals and birds. We bought a zoölogical book when we went in. It told us about the different animals and birds. One monkey looked very old. He was just as tall as I am. He was swinging and he fell down and he held his hand on his head. We thought he must have a headache. Another monkey climbed the iron bars and tried to get out, but the keeper made him get down. If anyone would like to write to me, I would be very glad to answer their letter. My address is 10 Hamilton Avenue.

Beatrice Coddington.

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for two years and I look forward to your coming with much joy. I can hardly wait for the next one to come. I'm reading about "The Little Princess of Honeypot Hill," and it is so interesting! I am eleven years old, in the sixth grade, and I go to boarding school. It is called the Ursuline College. I am four feet, eleven inches tall and have long, light brown hair. My grandmother has a ranch up in Healdsburg and I go there nearly every summer for my vacation. It's a very beautiful place, with about two acres of land devoted to lawn and pretty flowers. There are dahlias, lilies, roses, chrysanthemums, hydrangeas, and lots of other beautiful flowers I can't think of now. In the summer when they are all in bloom their fragrance scents the air until it smells just lovely. Grandma has a cow, calf, goat, pigs, two parrots, five cats, a dog, some chickens and turkeys. My uncle has three automobiles. He owns the geyser in Cloverdale. I would like to hear from any readers who are twelve years old, because I was twelve in May. I live at 700 Hayes Street.

Dorothy Duhem.

z

Union, Maine.

Dear "Little Folks":—I wish you came every week instead of once a month, I like you so well! My brother takes you, but we all read you. I live in Maine—which is sometimes called the "Pine Tree State," because of its abundance of pine trees. It is very cold here in winter but my two brothers and I have lots of fun sliding, skiing and snow-shoeing. In summer, we like to swim, ride horseback and go on long rides with mama and papa. There is a lake near here called Alford Lake, on the shores of which are two summer schools with about seventy-five girls in each. There is also a river called Goerges River, which has a fine beach, just right for swimming. We like to be out of doors a lot. I have a collection of moths and butterflies—nearly one hundred in all. It is very interesting work for the summer vacation. I would very much like to hear from some other readers who are about twelve years old.

Winona Messer.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Marguerite Mc Kie Brash

Each year when Christmas rolls around
We have a great big tree,
And it always holds a lot of gifts
For Teddy, Jane and me.

A lovely doll for little Jane,
And Teddy likes the jokes,
But the gift that I like best of all
Is just — my LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE FOLKS
THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1922 NO. 2

THE EIGHTH REINDEER

By Mary Beverley

IN the cold north land where snow covers the ground the whole year through, seven reindeer tossed their long antlers and capered about an eighth reindeer that limped as he walked along.

An old man with a jolly face and a white beard sat on a throne-like chair and watched the lame animal anxiously. Another old man with a long gray beard stood beside him leaning on a staff.

"Father Time," said the jolly old man, who was none other than Santa Claus himself, "I don't know what to do. Ever since my sled collided with that airplane and lamed Prancer, I have been thinking of getting an airship myself. Times change so —"

"Umph," said the gray-beard. "Time does not change. The earth people change so rapidly that they can't keep up with themselves. Now I never change."

"No, you never do, and a little change would do you good even if it were only a dime. You could get yourself a Sunday paper and read about Mutt and Jeff. You are far too solemn. But would you change —"

"Never change," Father Time answered, and strode away quite offended.

Santa Claus laughed a jolly laugh. He was used to old Time who never made any impression on him. He called his elves and bade them close their toy shops.

"You must find me a young reindeer," he said, "to take the place of Prancer. I wish him young, so that you can

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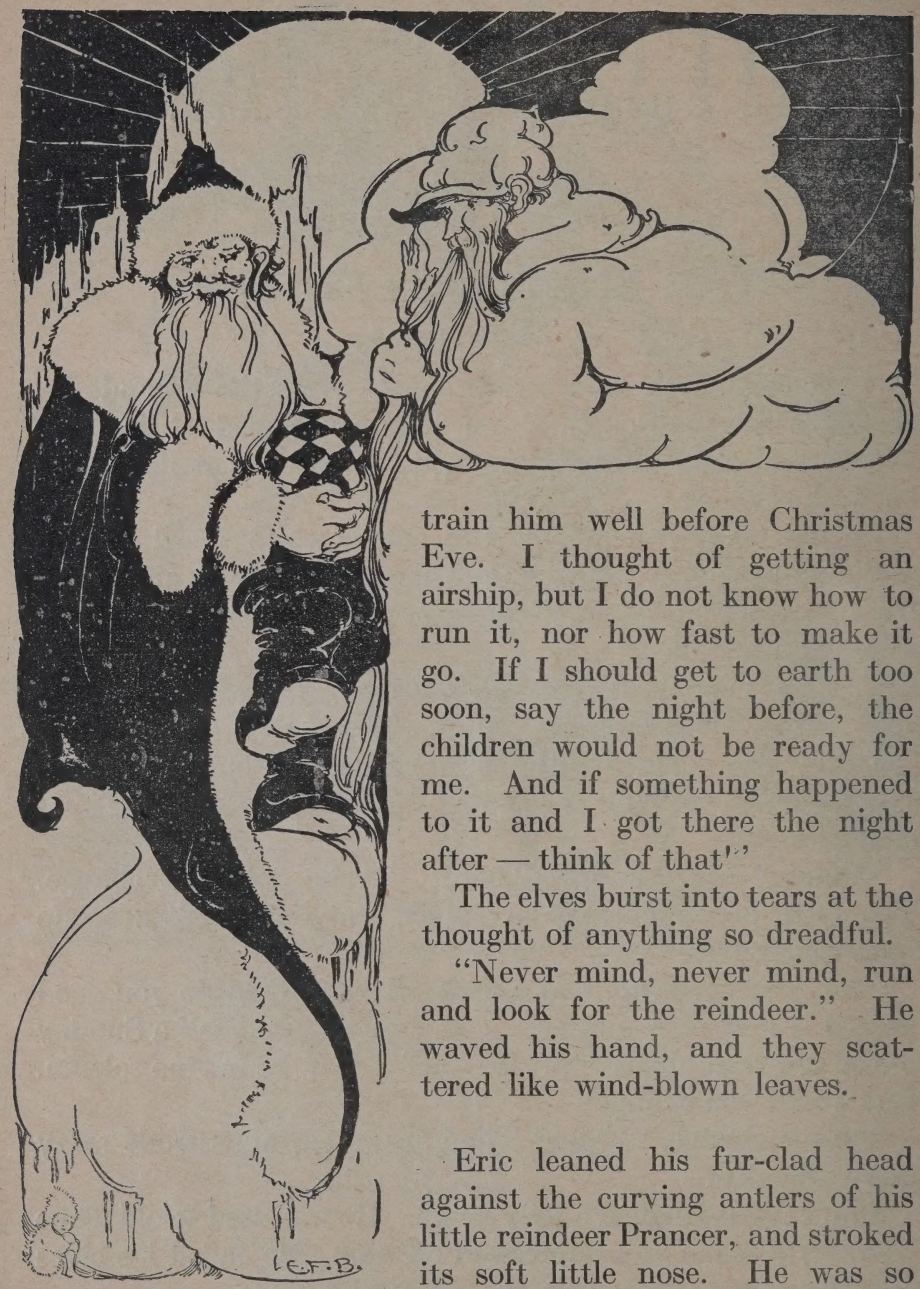


FATHER TIME WAS QUITE OFFENDED.

train him well before Christmas Eve. I thought of getting an airship, but I do not know how to run it, nor how fast to make it go. If I should get to earth too soon, say the night before, the children would not be ready for me. And if something happened to it and I got there the night after — think of that!"

The elves burst into tears at the thought of anything so dreadful.

"Never mind, never mind, run and look for the reindeer." He waved his hand, and they scattered like wind-blown leaves.

Eric leaned his fur-clad head against the curving antlers of his little reindeer Prancer, and stroked its soft little nose. He was so proud of the beautiful little thing. He had named him after one of Santa Claus' reindeer.

Prancer had been fastened to Eric's tiny sled for the

first time that day, and he had worked beautifully.

Suddenly, Eric felt a breeze across his face. He did not know it was the elves looking for the eighth reindeer to harness to Santa Claus' sled. So he said aloud:

"Prancer, it is going to snow again; we had better be going home."

The little elves shouted silently, which is a funny way to shout. I wish they would teach it to the earth children!

Eric did not see them dancing around him shouting silently that here was the eighth reindeer,—name and all.

He got into his shabby sled, made of drift-wood, and mended in many places with animal skins, and wished he had a shining red sled like the one in his picture book.

The elves flew back to the Christmas workshops, and reported their lucky find to their master.

"Go back and bring him at once," said jolly old Santa, twinkling all over with delight. "But, wait; tell me first, whose reindeer is it?"

"He belongs to a little boy named Eric," answered the elves.

"Bring the Book," their master commanded. The elves flew to obey. It took several hundred of them to lug the huge volume in which the names of all the earth children were written. Some of them tripped up and the book fell and crushed them, but being elves they took a deep breath and puffed themselves up again, and only laughed at their mishap.

"Ha, Ha!" laughed Santa. "I thought so! Eric is a fine boy. I have his name in the right-hand column. We cannot take his deer. What say you, Father Time?"

"Take it," answered old Time solemnly. "I will make him forget. I stop the tears of all earth children."

"I don't like your ways, Father Time; you are too rapid when things are pleasant, and people are having a good time, and when things hurt them you poke along slowly. I won't take his reindeer. The elves shall train him at night when Eric is asleep. And we will borrow him on Christmas Eve. Go to your workshop, elves."

'Twas the night before Christmas. Eric was unfastening

Prancer from his sled. Prancer had gone so fast that day that the sled was almost a wreck. Indeed, Prancer was going faster and faster each day, until Eric's little heart sometimes seemed to come up in his throat. He sighed as he looked at his sled. He would have to get up early tomorrow morning and try to mend it. Suddenly he heard a faint sound of bells. Prancer threw back his antlers and seemed to listen. Then away he bounded faster than Eric had ever seen him go before. Faster, faster! When he was almost out of sight he seemed to bound right up in the air. Eric burst into tears and ran to his father. "Oh, Father, Prancer has run away. He will never come back."

ERIC LEANED HIS HEAD AGAINST HIS LITTLE REINDEER.

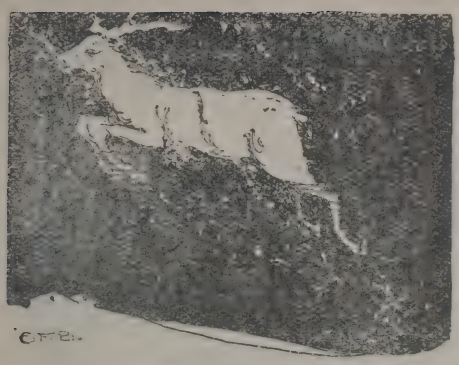
His father came out quickly and together they searched far and wide. But they could not find Prancer.

"Wait until morning, my son, He may come back. But if he does not, we will follow his tracks; it is too dark to see them now."

IT TOOK SEVERAL HUNDRED OF THEM TO BRING THE BIG BOOK

They returned home. Eric cried himself to sleep that night. He knew how much he would miss his little playmate. Now he would have to haul driftwood alone. The little house could not be kept warm without the driftwood fire, and his father was too busy to attend to it.

All through his troubled



HE SEEMED TO BOUND RIGHT UP IN THE AIR.

dreams Eric heard the sound of bells. He awoke with a heavy heart, dressed himself slowly and went to the door to look out. Snow had fallen in the night, and the reindeer tracks were all gone. Not a trace of Prancer he thought, sadly.

Just then, there was a merry jangling of bells, and Prancer, harnessed to a beautiful red sled, came around the corner of the house.

With a cry of joy, Eric threw his arms around his little reindeer and shouted for his father.

"Prancer's come back! Prancer's come back!"

And the little snow elves, who were watching so that they might report to Santa Claus, danced around him without being seen, and shouted without being heard, in their silent funny way, which some earth children would do well to learn.

"Oh, Prancer! I thought you had gone forever!" cried Eric, rubbing his cheek against the soft ear of the little reindeer.

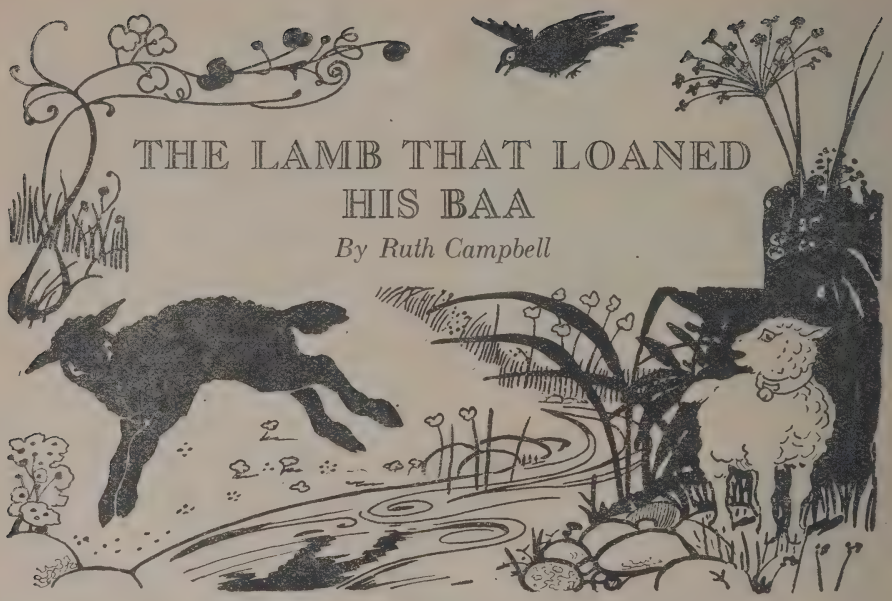
"He came back in the night," said his father. "I hoped he would."

"But look what he has brought me, Father. It is a gift from Santa Claus. Oh, I know it is!"

"It may be," his father answered, with a twinkle in his eyes.

But Prancer, knowing so much more than they did, shook his bells merrily, and stamped his little hoofs in the snow.

THE ELVES WERE LOOKING FOR A REINDEER



THE LAMB THAT LOANED HIS BAA

By Ruth Campbell

BLACK SHEEP SIMPLY ENTRANCED POOR LITTLE SPRING LAMB.

THE Little-Boy-With-the-Eton-Collar was unhappy. He had loaned his gun to a boy who in turn had loaned it.

"I let Tommie take it, and he is all right, and he let Stuart take it, and he is all right, but he lent it to a boy in the James Street School and then the gang that hangs around the drug store got it, and now I can't get it back."

"I'll get it!" promised the Little Boy's Mother. "As a rule, I don't like to have a voice in your affairs with other boys, but the gun is too valuable to lose. Perhaps you should not have loaned it in the first place."

"But, Mother, you told me not to be selfish," the Little Boy answered.

"No, you must never be selfish. Perhaps, then, it is a matter of choosing the right sort of playmates. I know a story about that. Would you like to hear it?"

"Um," said the Little Boy and snuggled down on his Mother's lap with a contented smile. His Mother gave him a little hug and began the story of "The Lamb that Loaned His Baa."

COLLIE DOG TALKED TO SPRING LAMB.

Once there was a flock of sheep. It is a queer thing that we should say a flock of sheep, a herd of cows, ten head of horses, a bevy of quail, or a covey of partridge. It is all very confusing but beautiful English, and the sort little boys and girls are supposed to learn in school.

Well, anyway, there lived in this flock of sheep a Black Sheep. He had undesirable manners, a bad character and a much worse reputation. He always broke his promises, he often told stories that were not true, and unless he was watched he frequently stole things from other lambs — important things like clover from their mangers in the morning, hot mash at noon, and their bedding at night. Black Sheep was a rank outsider and the older members of the flock knew it. But he had a certain dash, a fetching way of skittering his tail, and an independent flip of his feet that was most taking. The younger lambs admired him tremendously and wished they were as bold, and brave enough to skip school and be impudent to their elders, from which you may easily gather that Black Sheep was no sort of an influence to have among them.

In the flock there lived also Spring Lamb. His fleece was as white as snow and his character as white, for his little

woolly head was filled with the very nicest thoughts and his little heart was filled with the kindest beats. He was not very old and naturally inexperienced in the ways of the field. You see, it was his first summer and when the flock was turned out to graze he made mistakes, but he was always so polite to his elders and so quick to apologize when he was clumsy, that he was a general favorite, and the older sheep were delighted to help him and forgive him when he made blunders.

He was still a youngster when first he met Black Sheep. Black Sheep had been turned out in the field the year before and thought he knew everything there was to be known. Poor little Spring Lamb, from the minute he saw Black Sheep he was a willing slave. Black Sheep simply entranced him; the intimacy did not make Spring Lamb bad, but he would have been better off without it.

Black Sheep used to borrow Spring Lamb's food and forget to return it, and he borrowed a nice new collar with a bell on it, and then said it was so tight that he could not get it off, but kept promising to put soap on his neck to make it more slippery, and also kept putting it off (I mean the promise, not the collar) and because Spring Lamb was such a gentle creature he believed all of those promises and excuses and was actually sorry for that scamp, Black Sheep.

"You're a Silly," a big Ram said to him one day, and another time a motherly sort of sheep told him he would be criticized for having such rough friends. Collie Dog, who was in charge of the flock, talked seriously to Spring Lamb.

THE BIG RAM SCOLDED LITTLE SPRING LAMB.

THE YOUNGER LAMBS ADMIRED HIM TREMENDOUSLY.

"I know that rascal," he said, cocking a pointed ear in Black Sheep's direction. "He has been making trouble for two years and he will make trouble for you sooner or later."

"Perhaps he is not understood," offered the loyal little Spring Lamb.

"And I've heard THAT talk before," answered Collie Dog. "It is the best thing he does, to bleat about being misunderstood. My experience with misunderstood individuals has been that they don't want to be understood; if they were, nobody would have anything to do with them."

Which showed a certain understanding on the part of Collie Dog.

"He is very kind to me," went on Spring Lamb.

"You are so innocent you should have your wool dyed baby blue," barked Collie Dog, as he raced away to interview a strange dog that was licking his chops at the sheep on the other side of the fence.

Every day, Black Sheep asked some favor of Spring Lamb, and always he began his talk in the same manner.

"Do you know, Spring Lamb," he would say, "you are the dearest friend I have."

Spring Lamb couldn't help feeling pleased. Black Sheep would put his nose in Spring Lamb's neck and go on.

"You are the only one who understands me, how EVER did you happen to be so sympathetic?"

A RANK OUTSIDER

Then Spring Lamb would grow very bumpish around his heart and very lumpish in his throat and feel most important, and wonder what he had ever done to deserve the friendship of such a wonderful creature as Black Sheep, and naturally he did everything that Black Sheep wanted him to do. But one day Black Sheep asked a favor that startled Spring Lamb. "Lend me your Baa!" he said. Spring Lamb looked up with a clover hanging out of his mouth; he stopped munching on it.

"I need my Baa," he said.

"I need it more, I broke mine," Black Sheep answered.

"But what would I do without it?" asked Spring Lamb anxiously.

"You wouldn't miss it much; you are too young. Your Mother is always around, so you do not have to call her, and when you are older you can have it back," Black Sheep said airily.

But for once Spring Lamb did not fall in with the plans.

"I'll ask my Mother," he suggested.

Black Sheep rolled a dark eye at him.

"She won't let you," he said. "Mothers are always afraid somebody else's children will have more than their own. Anyway, you are old enough to decide things for yourself. Don't be a baby." And off he went with flippant leaps.

BLACK SHEEP WAS MUDDYING UP THE WATER.

Spring Lamb did think it over and then went to Collie Dog. "Black Sheep wants to borrow my Baa," he said.

"Rats!" said Collie Dog in a disgusted tone.

SO INNOCENT!

"He says he will return it before long."

"When clover stalks have buttercups on them," sneered Collie Dog, and then seeing the hurt expression on Spring Lamb's face, he trotted up and bunted him with a friendly nose.

"Look here, Baby," he said in the nicest way imaginable. "Don't lend your Baa to Black Sheep. He'll never return it unless it is worn out, or so broken he can't use it. He smashed his own and he won't take any better care of yours. You're seeing too much of him, anyway, he is no good and don't you lend him your Baa, you'll be sorry if you do."

Spring Lamb walked with funny little steps across the field and there he found Black Sheep muddying up the water in a stream so the others could not drink.

"I don't think I will lend you my Baa," he said in his straightforward way. Black Sheep clambered out of the stream and shook himself.

"You WHAT?" he asked.

"I can't lend you my Baa," repeated Spring Lamb bravely.

"You're a fine friend," Black Sheep told him, and put a wobble in his voice to make it sound disappointed. "Can you remember when I have ever refused you a favor?"

Now Spring Lamb could not even remember asking a favor of Black Sheep, so naturally he could not remember being refused.

"No," he stammered.

"Then give me your Baa, and I will show you what kind of a friend I am by forgetting that you hesitated to let me have it."

"Will you give it back?"

LITTLE SPRING LAMB WANTS HIS COLLAR BACK AGAIN.

"YOU'RE A FINE FRIEND!"

Spring Lamb wanted to know; he was beginning to weaken.

"Whenever you say," promised Black Sheep easily.

"You never did give me back my collar," said Spring Lamb.

"I'm going to, I've told you that. I never had any intention of keeping it," Black Sheep answered crossly.

"I'd like it now," insisted Spring Lamb.

"The first thing in the morning," promised Black Sheep. "Now let me try your Baa."

And that silly trusting Spring Lamb handed over his Baa.

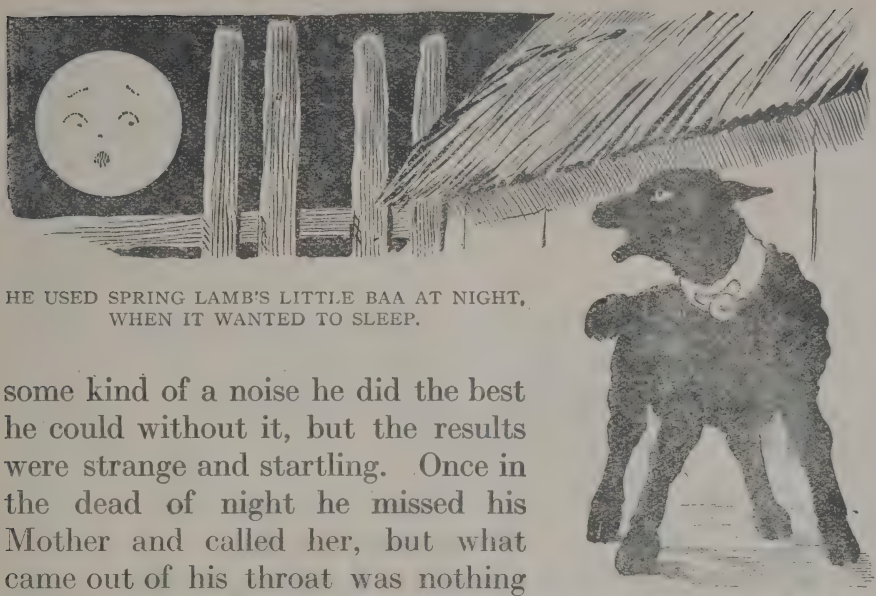
It wasn't a day before he was sorry. To begin with, when he asked Black Sheep for his collar, Black Sheep replied that the Baa was so big in his throat he couldn't possibly slip the collar over it without bending it, and surely Spring Lamb would not want his Baa bent.

Spring Lamb didn't. He wanted the very best care in the world taken of his Baa, and that was just the sort of care it did not get. Black Sheep treated it as he did everything belonging to his friends; he abused it. He sent it across a big field, much too big for its little strength, and tired it all out. He used it when it was damp and made it all hoarse, and he was constantly calling on it at night when it wanted to sleep. Spring Lamb grew quite unhappy when he saw how his nice new Baa was being treated.

"I should think you could, at least, let it rest at night," he protested to Black Sheep.

"Who is using this Baa, anyway," Black Sheep answered, and Spring Lamb cried himself to sleep.

Black Sheep was a deliberate nuisance, but poor little Spring Lamb was an unconscious one. You see, he had still a throat even if there was no Baa in it, and as he had to make



HE USED SPRING LAMB'S LITTLE BAA AT NIGHT, WHEN IT WANTED TO SLEEP.

some kind of a noise he did the best he could without it, but the results were strange and startling. Once in the dead of night he missed his Mother and called her, but what came out of his throat was nothing like his gentle Baa, it was more like the howling of a dog.

There was a perfect panic in the flock and the large sheep jostled and pushed and stepped on the lambs and it was an hour before they settled down again.

One day, he fell in the stream, and, of course, he tried to Baa for his Mother, but she couldn't recognize the strange sound as belonging to her lamb and he was 'most drowned before she saw him and pulled him out.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she asked, "and what has become of your Baa?"

Then Spring Lamb told her, and wasn't she furious with Black Sheep and disgusted with her baby.

"You never should have done it, why didn't you come to me?"

"Black Sheep told me not to," Spring Lamb sobbed.

"Of course he did, he is a bad playmate for you, and bad playmates never want to meet mothers, they know too well what will happen to them," said his Mother. "Something must be done about it. I'll think it over."

Mother Sheep did a good bit of thinking before she decided what to do.

(To be concluded)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

I wonder if Santa Claus carried some gift,
That first Christmas night long ago,
To dear little Jesus who lay fast asleep
On the straw in the manger low.

I wonder if one of the shepherds who came
To the stable that wonderful night
Was dear Santa Claus, led there by the star
That shone in the heavens so bright.

And, oh, if 'tis true that on the hillside
St. Nicholas guarded his sheep
I wonder if he to the blessed Child bore
A dear little lambkin to keep —

A dear little lambkin with whitest of wool,
That grew as the little Child grew,
And loved him — ah, me, I almost believe
I've wondered a wonder that's true!

Margaret A. Richard.

CONSTANCE AND THE TWINS

MARGARET'S PARTY

By
Winifred Stowitz Paddock

CONSTANCE and the twins skipped downstairs dressed for a party. Mother followed, carrying the twins' best coats and hats. Dressing three little girls for a party had kept Mother pretty busy. Constance had spilled shoe polish on the bathroom rug. But accidents are sure to happen.

Constance looked quite grand now, dressed in a silk frock with a red hair-ribbon on her dark hair. The twins each wore a little white dress, Jean with a blue sash to match her pretty blue eyes, and Jane with a pink sash like her rosy cheeks.

Mother buttoned up Jean's coat. "Constance," she said, "look for Jane's gloves on the closet shelf. You can't find them? Well, I'll look. Here they are. Now, you're all ready." She kissed them good-by. "Be good little girls," she said, "and, Constance, look after Jean and Jane."

They started off along the walk toward Margaret's house. Margaret was giving the party because it was her eighth birthday. She had invited almost all the children who lived on the Heights. The children had a beautiful time. They played games. They hunted peanuts that were hidden all about the library. When all the peanuts were found, Dickie Coutant had the most; he had found six. Jane had the least, for she had none at all. Jane started to cry, but Margaret gave her a little box of peppermint candies.

THERE WAS A BIG CAKE WITH EIGHT CANDLES.

"It's the booby prize," Margaret said. Jane had never heard of a booby prize, but she knew all about peppermint candies, so she ate one and stopped crying.

When it was time for supper the children marched two by two, while Margaret's mother played the piano. Constance marched with Dickie. The twins came at the very end of the line. They had little Jack between them. Jack's yard was next to the twins' yard and they played with him almost every day, so they felt that they must take care of him.

For supper, there were tiny sandwiches cut in heart shapes and chocolate in little cups, and after that, pink ice-cream and little cakes. There was a big cake with eight candles on it in the centre of the table. The candles were all lighted. When they burned low, each little girl blew out one candle and made a happy wish for Margaret. Then Margaret cut the cake and everyone had a piece.

JANE STARTED TO CRY, BUT MARGARET GAVE HER A BOX OF PEPPERMINT CANDIES.

When Constance and the twins got home, Mother said it was late for the twins to be up. She gave them some bread and milk, but they didn't eat much of it because they had eaten so much cake and pink ice-cream. Then Mother put them to bed, and all the time they were telling her what a lovely time they had at Margaret's party.

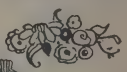
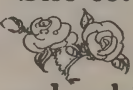
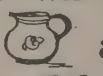
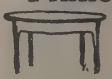
IT IS NICE

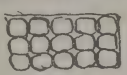
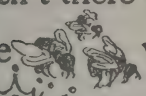
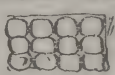
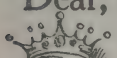
It's very nice the way the rain
  Always comes dropping, dropping down—
Instead of pouring all one place,
  It sprinkles everywhere in town.

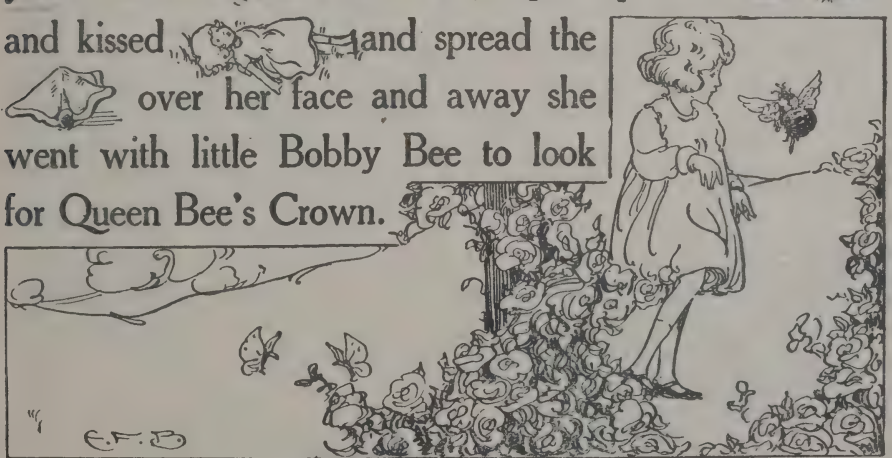
Frances McKinnon Morton.

Queen Bee's Crown.

I

ONE lovely summer day when the was shining and the  were blooming and the were singing, Trixie took her Sara and ran out into the garden to have a tea-party. She set her little in the under the  and honeysuckle vines. She had pretty blue and white and a little tea and milk in a  and sugar in a and three and an . Sara sat in her little on one side of the and Trixie sat in her bigger on the other side of the  and they ate up all the and the and drank up all the . When tea was over, Trixie laid down on the to take a nap with a spread over her face to keep off the and sat down beside her to watch. The were flying about and the were humming in the , and pretty soon buzz, buzz, heard little Bobby talking to little Henny . Now Uncle Joe had taught to understand the garden people when they talked, so she opened her and her wide and forgot all

about and listened to hear what little Bobby was saying. "What do you think!" cried little . "Queen Bee has lost her !" "Dear, Dear!" said Henny . "Where did she lose it?" "Nobody knows," said Bobby. "But the is gone and the have all flown away from the and the Queen is sitting in a corner crying her out all alone." "Dear, Dear!" said Trixie. "Isn't there  to make?" "Yes," said Bobby, "but the  won't mind the Queen unless she has her on, and there will be no more  for any of the little in the until she finds it." "Dear, dear!" said Trixie, "And are you hunting for the  , Bobby?" "Yes," said Bobby, "but I'm such a little I never can find it all alone." "I will help you!" cried , and she jumped up to her and kissed and spread the over her face and away she went with little Bobby Bee to look for Queen Bee's Crown.



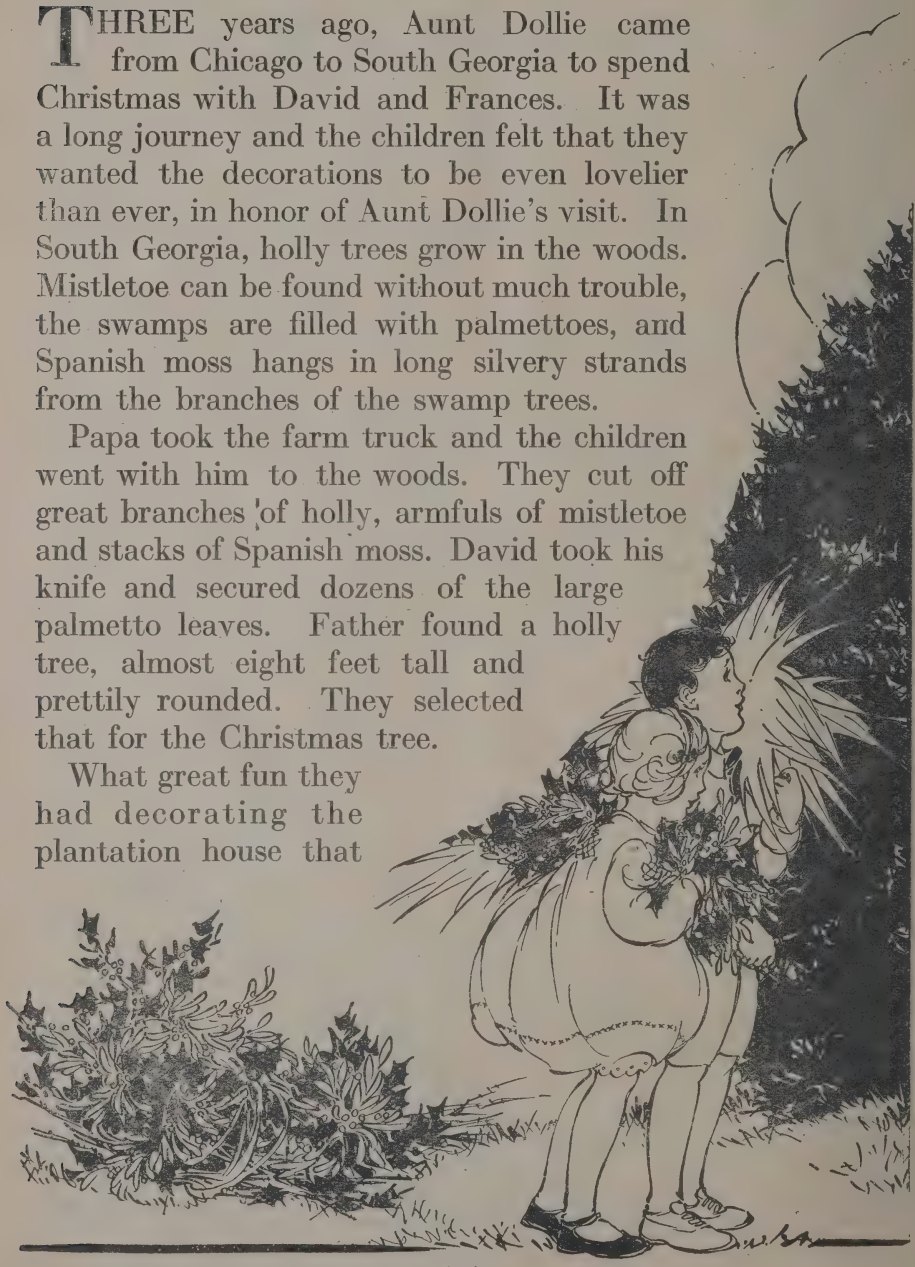
THE GROWING CHRISTMAS TREE

By Alice K. Cripps

THREE years ago, Aunt Dollie came from Chicago to South Georgia to spend Christmas with David and Frances. It was a long journey and the children felt that they wanted the decorations to be even lovelier than ever, in honor of Aunt Dollie's visit. In South Georgia, holly trees grow in the woods. Mistletoe can be found without much trouble, the swamps are filled with palmettoes, and Spanish moss hangs in long silvery strands from the branches of the swamp trees.

Papa took the farm truck and the children went with him to the woods. They cut off great branches of holly, armfuls of mistletoe and stacks of Spanish moss. David took his knife and secured dozens of the large palmetto leaves. Father found a holly tree, almost eight feet tall and prettily rounded. They selected that for the Christmas tree.

What great fun they had decorating the plantation house that



afternoon! The long stair rail was hidden in holly and mistletoe. The Spanish moss hung in great festoons from the chandeliers. Every doorway had a sheaf of mistletoe above it; every window curtain was bedecked with holly.

Aunt Dollie came at eight o'clock that night. When she stepped into the doorway she stopped and stared. She had never visited the South before and did not know how lavish the Southern family always is with the Christmas decorations.

"It is all lovely, Children," she exclaimed, an hour later, "but do you know that these beautiful things which you have used would have cost you several hundred dollars, had you bought them in Chicago?"

"Phew," whistled David. "That would be a lot of money."

"The holly trees are getting hard to find here," said Father. "There will come a time, youngsters, when you won't have such an abundance of these things. People are taking them away from the woods in great loads every year. The holly tree is a slow grower and it takes years for one to grow to the size of your Christmas tree."

"Won't we feel sorry when we

can't have them any more?" murmured Frances. "We have always had them."

"I have a wonderful idea," exclaimed Aunt Dollie. "Let's plan so that you will always have these wonderful things."

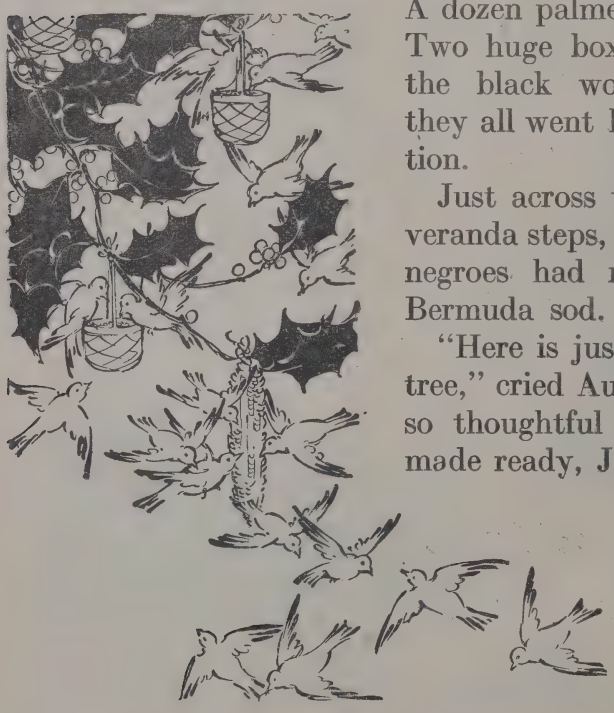
"How?" cried the children, together.

"We have one more day before Christmas. To-morrow we will go to the woods again. You will take us, won't you, James?" she asked the children's father.

"I thought that we had all that we needed," exclaimed David. He was afraid Aunt Dollie was disappointed after he had worked so hard.

"You precious child," she hugged him to her. "You have a great deal more than you need this year. Let me tell you about my plan."

The next morning they went back to the woods. Father took two negro men along. They had spades and axes, and how they worked! A beautiful holly tree was taken up by the roots and placed in the truck. A dozen palmettoes were dug up. Two huge boxes were filled with the black woods earth. Then they all went back to the plantation.



Just across the drive from the veranda steps, they found that the negroes had removed the thick Bermuda sod.

"Here is just the place for the tree," cried Aunt Dollie. "It was so thoughtful of you to have it made ready, James."

"The children said that they wanted it here," answered Father.

They planted the holly tree ever

so carefully, being particular to put some of the black woods earth around the roots. Then they set the palmettoes in a large half circle around the tree.

"Oo-Oo!" squealed Frances. "Doesn't it look pretty?"

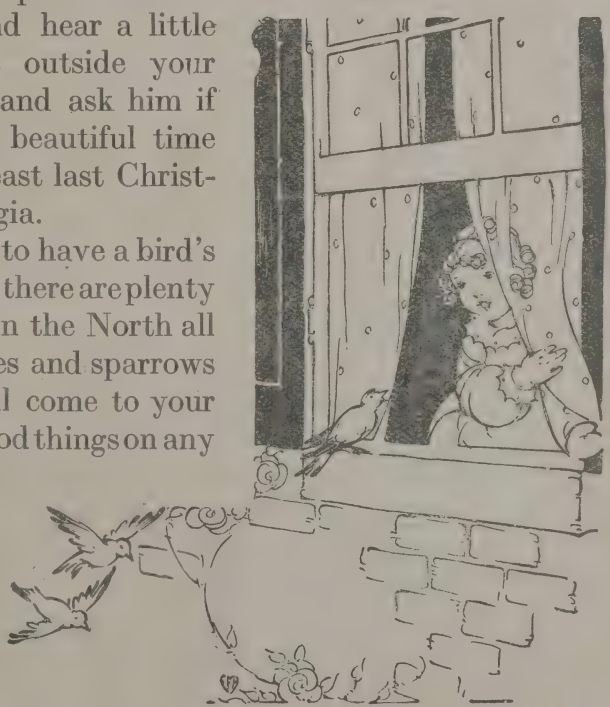
"Why didn't we think of planting a Christmas tree before?" laughed David. "Aunt Dollie, that was a fine idea."

"I haven't told you all about my plan yet," answered Aunty. "To-morrow, we will have a Christmas tree for the birds. We will tie ears of corn and little baskets of oats upon the branches for their Christmas dinner."

"Won't that be fun?" Frances exclaimed. "I will shell peanuts for them, too."

So the birds had a fine Christmas treat. Hundreds of little feathered folk, who had come South to spend the winter, came to the feast. The children enjoyed watching them from the window. Now, every year they plan to have the holly tree loaded with gifts for the birds.

When you wake up some morning next spring and hear a little robin singing just outside your window, jump up and ask him if he did not have a beautiful time at the holly tree feast last Christmas in South Georgia.



And if you want to have a bird's Christmas tree, too, there are plenty of birds who stay in the North all winter. Chickadees and sparrows and snow birds will come to your feast if you hang good things on any tree in your own yard.

Little strips of suet, ears of corn, apples and bread crusts make a fine Christmas feast.

The Kind Little Mouse

By Carolyn S. Bailey

Oh, one little Stocking was mended and whole,
  And hung by the fire with care,
And one full of holes on the nursery floor,
  Too ragged and worn to wear;
And no one was awake in all the house
But one little, still little, kind little Mouse!

Then down through the flue did Santa Claus come,
  All ashes and chimney-stuff,
To fill the whole Stocking a-bursting with toys
  Till he thought he'd filled it enough:
And the kind little Mouse said he didn't believe
There was any so fat that Christmas Eve!

Then Santa drove on, and the fire burned low,
  And lower, till by and by
The poor little Stocking that had no toys
  Sat up and was like to cry;
But nobody heard it in all the house
Save that one little, still little, kind wee Mouse!

"It isn't my fault I'm worn out," it said,
  "And the holes are but small — oh, dear,
To think that to-night it is Christmas Eve,
  And I'm sitting empty here!"
Then the Mouse stopped nibbling his Christmas
    cheese:—
"Don't cry, little Stocking," he said, "don't, please!"

Then that small little, kind little Mouse, he crept
  In the empty Stocking's toe;
Oh, he gave himself — it was all that he had —
  He could do no more, you know!
Such a kind little, good little, dear little Mouse,
That Christmas Eve in the lonely old house!

SITKA, THE SNOW BABY

by Allen Chaffee

CHAPTER II—THE ESKIMO BOY

THE little white bear wondered why his mother wriggled her nose, with the fur rising so angrily on the back of her neck.

It was only a boy, — an Eskimo lad, who, unlike Sitka, walked on his hind legs all the time. But Mother White Bear had been hunted so many times by these small brown people that her first instinct was to dive beneath the icy water and swim to safety. But with the wee, fat cub it would be hard to dive without drowning him. Of course, had she been alone, she could have handled the little Eskimo with one blow of her huge forearm. But she knew he could throw a spear that might hurt Sitka. Then he would take the cub's soft fur to make a fur coat for his little sister. That had happened once, to a polar cub. The thought made her growl ferociously, deep down in her throat.

A moment more and the fur-clad little Indian came in sight. Fortunately for Sitka, he was alone. He did not have one of the great, wolfish "husky" dogs that bears are so afraid of. His father was driving the dog team with his sled that day.

Sitka's mother turned. The odor of the birds' nests was very near now. Following that wonderful nose of hers straight across the ice, she swam another bit of open water, hoping to leave the boy behind her. Again she crossed an ice-floe, Sitka close behind, and again she swam an open lane of water. That way, they came to a rocky islet that was covered thick with eider ducks. The great, handsome birds had plucked the soft feathers, — the eider down, — from their own breasts to line their rocky nests, and in these nests were hundreds and thousands of pale eggs. The whole rocky islet was covered with nests.

"Um!" sniffed Mother White Bear hungrily. "I think we have left that boy behind, and I am going to have eggs for supper." And with Sitka close at her heels, she shuffled along between the nests, taking here an egg and there an egg and crunching it in her great jaws. The meal put new strength into her; it would enable her to nurse her furry baby when she put him to sleep.

The ducks quacked and scolded, but

SHE SHUFFLED ALONG BETWEEN THE NESTS, TAKING HERE AN EGG AND THERE AN EGG

there were so many eggs that there would be plenty left to hatch into ducklings.

So busy had Mother White Bear been at her feast that she had almost forgotten about the Eskimo boy. Of a sudden, she saw him paddling around the islet in his seal-skin boat. At the same instant, he saw wee, fuzzy Sitka galloping along behind his mother, trying his best to keep up with her. The boy raised his spear to hurl it at the Snow Baby.

GREAT MOTHER BEAR TURNED BACK JUST IN TIME.

At that moment, Sitka's life was certainly in danger. But great, nine-foot Mother White Bear, catching a whiff of the wind that blew straight to her wonderful nose from the dirty, greasy Eskimo lad, turned back just in time. Ferociously she batted the spear with her powerful forearm, as it came whistling through the air. In another instant it would have struck her baby. Growling awful threats, she rushed at the boy to drive him back.

The little white bear, terrified by the battle that seemed about to be fought over his small person, turned tail and ran for all he was worth. From a point that jutted from the rocky islet he scrambled aboard a blue-white chunk of ice. The next thing he knew, the ice cracked with a sound like the roar of a cannon, and the floe he was on split off and began floating away. Sitka whimpered in fright as he watched the blue-green water rush in between him and the isle.

But his mother saw him and came racing across the rocks, stepping smash all over the birds' nests in her hurry. Swimming the strip of open water, she scrambled up beside him and began nuzzling him all over to see if he was hurt. The Eskimo boy would trouble them no more. They could see him paddling away in his skin canoe.

Sitka was to have an even more exciting time later that spring. Awaking in his mother's warm, furry arms to a morning all golden sunshine and blue sky, with gulls flying overhead crying "que-ok, que-ok, que-ok!" and the icebergs that rose like blue-white mountain peaks to seaward, he was startled by a rumbling like thunder. All about them it began to sound, for the ice cakes were breaking apart, floating this way and that and grinding against one another. But their own berg, so snug and safe with its cave in which they always slept, towered among the up-ending ice cakes as secure as a miniature mountain peak.

Away off in the open water they could

see little spouts of water. Sitka's mother said it was whales "blowing."

"What are whales?" the cub demanded, round-eyed with wonder.

"Whales," said his mother, "are great fish-like creatures, ever and ever and ever so much bigger than the biggest polar bear that ever lived. But though they spend their lives in the ocean, the queer thing is that they are not fish, really, because they have fur instead of scales, and the mother whale nurses her baby just as a cat does her kitten."

"Oo! Aren't you afraid of whales?" Sitka marvelled.

"No. They have the tiniest mouths. But whale meat is delicious. These little brown men hunt whales for their blubber, as they call fat that lines their sides, and I'd love nothing better than to find a strip of blubber. Let's go a little nearer. Um! I smell blubber now. I do believe those Eskimos have been whale-hunting. If we could just find where they've been cutting blubber, what a feast it would be!"

The Snow Baby was happy enough to go exploring. Climbing a steep, icy slope to the ridge of the next ice pan, they could see, away across the ice, which had frozen in ridges like the waves of the sea, a huge dark body that Mother White Bear's nose said was a whale. But further out, a horde of the fur-clad little brown men were racing toward another whale in their seal-skin boats, with spears raised. Mother White Bear hesitated. She hated to take Sitka too near these Eskimos. But the odor of whale meat came tantalizingly to her nostrils, and she was dreadfully hungry. Cautiously she padded forward, and Sitka after her, ready at a moment's notice to run for their lives. But they reached the meat in safety.

She had just begun to eat ravenously when a sudden shout went up. One of the little brown men had seen her, and turned in pursuit.

(To be continued)

SHE HATED TO TAKE HER BABY TOO CLOSE TO THE ESKIMOS

CHRISTMAS SPIDERS

By Judith Benson

RICHARD PUT HIS STRING END IN THE SIDEBOARD DRAWER

RICHARD had planned on a Christmas at home. The tree had been bought and stored in the basement. Presents for the folks at a distance were ready to mail. Then all at once, plans changed.

"Letter from Grandma today," said mother to father. "She is all alone. Helen was sent to the hospital last week. Could we go down?"

"I will have only three days' Christmas vacation this year," said father. "Can we manage a three days' visit?"

"Yes," said mother, "I'll write Grandma tonight."

But just then Richard was heard from.

"Oh, but the tree! It's bought and we can't carry it with us. Let's wait. There's no fun at Grandma's when Aunt Helen is gone."

"Grandma needs us, Richard," mother explained, "she is very unhappy just now. Don't you think you could put aside the tree and spare this one to her?"

"I want to help Grandma, but the tree? Couldn't father and I carry it? It isn't very big."

"No, Sonny, but I'll find a way for Santa to come at Grandma's; a good way."

The journey to Grandma's was made two days before Christmas. Father hadn't much time but they were doing the best they could. Richard was delighted with the ride on the train.

"I don't 'spose there are many people left at home, do you, Mother? I wonder if each of these little boys is going to see his grandma."

That night Richard sat on Grandma's knee and begged for a story.

"A new story, Grandma," Richard asked and Grandma promised a brand new one.

"This is a story," she began, "of a little boy. A little boy who was going to have a lovely Christmas at home. His father had already bought his Christmas tree but the boy was brave enough to give it up to come and keep his Grandmother from being lonesome. So to pay him for being such a dear little boy, his mother and grandmother have planned something new for him."

"Oh, goody! What is it?"

"Spiders, Christmas spiders will weave webs for Santa to put presents in. The little boy may be a spider, too."

"A Christmas spider, why, who ever heard of such a thing? Wouldn't Santa be afraid it would bite him?"

"These spiders don't bite," Grandma explained, "tomorrow night you may help spin the webs."

All next day Richard was asking about the Christmas spiders. He could scarcely wait until night. When dusk did come, he was wild with eagerness.

"Now," Mother explained as she came with a huge ball of string in her hand, "it is getting time when spiders work best. Here, Little Spider, take your strings and listen to what the big spiders tell you."

Richard giggled. Mother and Grandma had their strings ready, too.

Mother started. "Now we will begin at the chandelier and wind our strings through the house. It would be well for you to go over the doorknob, Little Spider, and through Grandma's chair back and then —"

"Oh! I see! I understand," Richard interrupted. "May I weave my own web now?"

And so the three spiders went round and about through the house, weaving their strings as they walked. Richard had never had so much fun.

"Mother," he whispered, "where would be a good place to end Grandma's string?"

"In the sideboard," suggested mother and Richard ran to put his string end in the sideboard drawer.

They worked until a string had been placed for each person in the house and a big white web it did look to be. It was hard for the spiders to get about without walking into each other's own webs.

"I want morning to come so quick!" said Richard as he went to bed, leaving the web all ready to catch Santa's presents.

Next morning he found it more fun to unsnarl the webs than it had been to snarl them.

"Why, Mother," he sang out as he came to the end of his string in the kitchen cabinet, "how did Santa know I wanted this Meccano?"

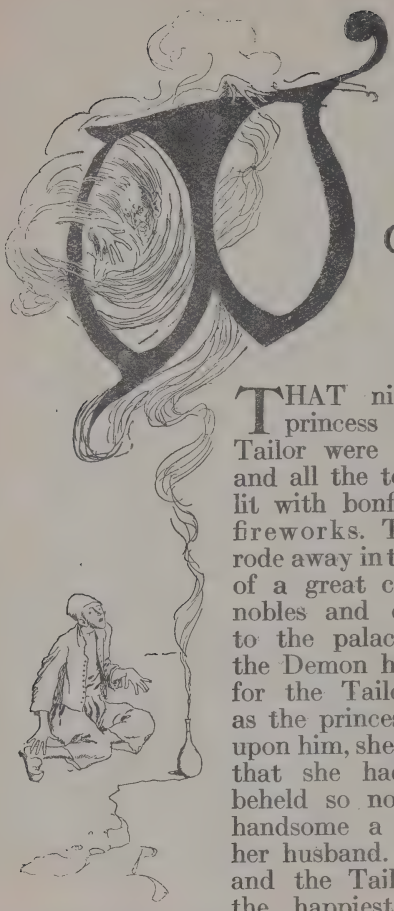
Just then, Grandma found the bottle of perfume Richard had asked Santa to bring her. "Just what I wanted," she said, "how could Santa know?"

"I told him," Richard burst out, "but how did he find the end of that string? I hid it deep. I thought I'd fool him."

The morning was soon over. It had been happy work unsnarling the spider's web. Father had found his kodak wrapped in paper and hidden in the coal-bin in the basement. Mother found a silk kimono under the bed in which Richard had slept.

"Oh, it was nice!" Richard said to his mother. "Can't we always have Christmas spiders? They are more fun than a dozen trees. And Mother, you and Grandma are just as nice to play with as Aunt Helen, and lots nicer than any little boys or girls.

"TELL ME A NEW STORY, GRANDMA!"



oman's VVit.

By Howard Pyle

CHAPTER III

THAT night the princess and the Tailor were married, and all the town was lit with bonfires and fireworks. The two rode away in the midst of a great crowd of nobles and courtiers to the palace which the Demon had built for the Tailor; and, as the princess gazed upon him, she thought that she had never beheld so noble and handsome a man as her husband. So she and the Tailor were the happiest couple in the whole world.

But the next morning the Demon appeared as he had appeared ever since the Tailor had let him out of the bottle, only now he grinned till his teeth shone and his face turned black. "What hast thou for me to do?" said he, and at the words the Tailor's heart began to quake, for he remembered what was to happen to him when he could find the Demon no more work to do — that his neck was to be wrung — and now he began to see that he had all that he could ask for in the world. Yes; what was there to ask for now?

"I have nothing more for you to do," said he to the Demon; "you have done all that man could ask — you may go now."

"Go!" cried the Demon, "I shall not go until I have done all that I have to do. Give me work, or I shall wring your neck." And his fingers began to twitch.

Then the Tailor began to see into what a net he had fallen. He began to tremble like one in an ague. He turned his eyes up and down, for he did not know where to look for aid. Suddenly, as he looked out of the window, a thought struck him. "Maybe," thought he, "I can give the Demon such a task that even he cannot do it. "Yes, yes!" he cried, "I have thought of something for you to do. Make me out yonder in front of my palace a lake of water a mile long and a mile wide, and let it be lined throughout with white marble, and filled with water as clear as crystal."

"It shall be done," said the Demon. As he spoke he spat in the air, and instantly a thick fog arose from the earth and hid everything from sight. Then presently from the midst of the fog there came a great noise of chipping and hammering, of digging and delving, of rushing and gurgling. All day the noise and the fog continued, and then at sunset the one ceased and the other cleared away. The poor Tailor looked out the window, and when he saw what he saw his teeth chattered in his head, for there was a lake a mile long and a mile broad,

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lined within with white marble, and filled with water as clear as crystal, and he knew that the Demon would come the next morning for another task to do.

That night he slept little or none, and when the seventh hour of the morning came, the castle began to rock and tremble, and there stood the Demon, and his hair bristled and his eyes shone like sparks of fire. "What hast thou for me to do?" said he, and the poor Tailor could do nothing but look at him with a face as white as dough.

"What hast thou for me to do?" said the Demon again, and then at last the Tailor found his wits and his tongue from sheer terror. "Look!" said he, "at the great mountain over yonder; remove it, and make in its place a level plain with fields and orchards and gardens." And he thought to himself when he had spoken, "Surely, even the Demon cannot do that."

"It shall be done," said the Demon, and, so saying, he stamped his heel upon the ground. Instantly the earth began to tremble and quake, and there came a great rumbling like the sound of thunder. A cloud of darkness gathered in the sky, until at last all was as black as the blackest midnight. Then came a roaring and a cracking and a crashing, such as man never heard before. All day it continued, until the time of the setting of the sun, when suddenly the uproar ceased, and the darkness cleared away; and when the Tailor looked out of the window the mountain was gone, and in its place were fields and orchards and gardens.

It was very beautiful to see, but when the Tailor beheld it, his knees began to smite together, and the sweat ran down his face in streams. All that night he walked up and down and up and down, but he could not think of one other task for the Demon to do.

When the next morning came, the Demon appeared like a whirlwind. His face was as black as ink and smoke, and sparks of fire flew from his nostrils.

"What have you for me to do?" cried he.

"I have nothing for you to do!" piped the poor Tailor.

"Nothing?" cried the Demon.

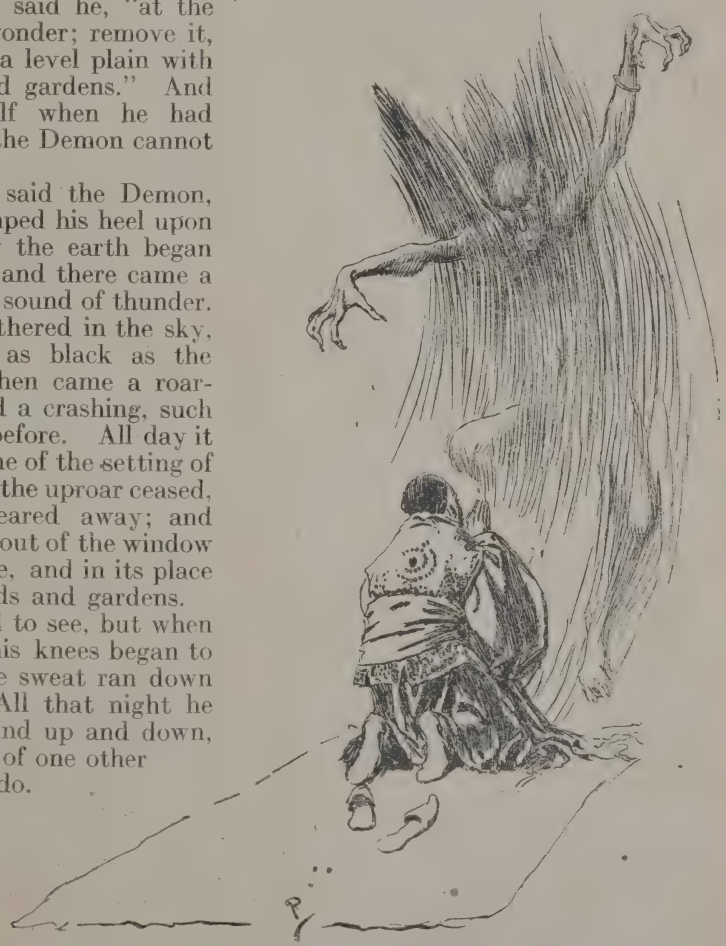
"Nothing."

"Then prepare to die."

"Stop!" said the Tailor, falling on his knees, "let me first see my wife."

"So be it," said the Demon, and if he had been wiser he would have said "No."

When the Tailor came to the princess, he flung himself on his face, and began



"STOP!" SAID THE TAILOR, "LET ME FIRST SEE MY WIFE."

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to weep and wail. The princess asked him what was the matter, and at last, by dint of question, got the story from him, piece by piece. When she had it all, she began laughing. "Why did you not come to me before?" said she, "instead of making all this trouble and uproar for nothing at all? I will give the Monster a task to do." She plucked a single curling hair from her head. "Here," said she, "let him take this hair and make it straight."

The Tailor was full of doubt; nevertheless, as there was nothing better to do, he took it to the Demon.

"Hast thou found me a task to do?" cried the Demon.

"Yes," said the Tailor. "It is only a little thing. Here is a hair from my wife's head; take it and make it straight."

When the Demon heard what was the task that the Tailor had set him to do, he laughed aloud; but that was because he did not know. He took the hair and stroked it between his thumb and finger, and, when he had done, it curled more than ever. Then he looked serious, and slapped it between his palms, and that did not better matters, for it curled as much as ever. Then he frowned, and began beating the hair with his palm upon his knees, and that only made it worse. All that day he labored and strove at his task, trying to make that one little hair straight, and, when the sun set, there was the hair just as crooked as ever. Then, as the great round sun sank red behind the trees, the Demon knew that he was beaten. "I am conquered! I am conquered!" he howled, and flew away, bellowing so dreadfully that all the world trembled.

So ends the story, with only this to say: Where man's strength fails, woman's wit prevails.

For, to my mind, the princess — not to speak of her husband the little Tailor — did more with a single little hair and her mother wit than King Solomon with all his wisdom.

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'Twill whiten them, my daughter."

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The editor would appreciate short notes from you, telling her what you think of *Little Folks*. Your letters will assist her and the publishers in making improvements they have in mind for *Little Folks*. A word of appreciation will encourage those who are trying to serve you and help to make your home happy. Any suggestions of material you would like in *Little Folks* will be equally appreciated.

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Directions for making the book and coloring the picture.

Color the sky, light blue; the water, a darker blue; Europa's dress very light blue, or violet. Make the sand yellow, the dress white, the flowers pink and yellow with green leaves. You may tint Europa's flesh a pale pink, mixed with very light orange. Mix the tint so thin that it will be transparent when applied. Color her hair light brown or yellow.

The picture is to be painted and then cut out and pasted into the first page of your new picture book, which will contain stories and pictures of Greek Wonder Tales. You will need twelve sheets of strong paper, measuring twelve inches by six inches. Place the sheets on top of each other, fold them in the middle and fasten together with several stitches of strong cotton. If you like you may use the first picture as a cover decoration. Letter the title of your book very carefully and plainly with a colored crayon, or paint, or you may cut out letters and paste them on your cover.

EUROPA AND THE SNOW-WHITE BULL

Help Her to Save More Lives

Last year over 100,000 lives were saved with the aid of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals. Tuberculosis is being controlled. The death rate has been cut in half. If you and others join the fight, it can be stamped out.

Buy Christmas Seals. When you see someone selling them, help the fight along by buying all you can.

Your help, the help of every happy, healthy person, is needed; and it will count.

Stamp out Tuberculosis with Christmas Seals

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Little Folks Home Guard

BECAUSE it is getting so close to Christmas, Cousins, we won't have a very long meeting this time — just a business meeting in fact.

First of all, let us hear the names of our new Honor Guards.

Helen Peasley, 6.
Louise Gould, 2, 6.
Dorothy Mathews, 1, 3.
Doris Shaver, 3, 4, 5.
Frances Farnum, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Mary Irene Myers, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Harriet Howard, 1.
John R. Paine, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Katharine Stout, 1, 2.
Hester L. Brooks, 1.
Dorothy Crowe, 1, 2.
Gertrude Greenbaum, 1.
Elizabeth Mann, 3.
Margaret Atwood, 5.
Dorothy Atwood, 5.

So many of you have written in favor of a cradle roll for children under five that the vote seems to say we shall have one; so right here and now begins the Home Guard Auxiliary — the Junior Home Guards, and each one of you is invited to send to me the names of any little people under five whom you would like to have for members. There is no limit to the number of "Juniors" you may enroll, and, of course, there is no charge. Simply send the name of your Junior, with address, mother's name and Junior's age and birthday. And after that, each little Junior you enroll is your particular charge. What do you have to do? A very easy thing, indeed! Teach the small boy or girl to love "Little Folks," as soon as he or she is old enough. You can do that by reading or telling to your Junior stories from "Little Folks;" by teaching your Junior to read the picture story. In that way, you will be helping another child to enjoy the magazine you all love, and your Juniors won't just be names in a book. If there is room, we will print the names of our Juniors from month to month.

Here are the "deeds" which will win Second Points for Stars or individual members. If you have forgotten how these Points are to be won, please read over again the second page of the August Home Guard Talk. If you are a new subscriber and do not know about this plan, I will tell you about it in a letter, if you will enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for an explanation. But because I have so many, many letters to answer, please borrow an August copy, or look at the one in your library if you can, instead.

1. Earn or save twenty-five cents and do something useful with it.
2. Send to Cousin Constance the names and addresses of three children who do not take "Little Folks."
3. Go on a hike and make a list of ten interesting things you see.
4. Keep a conduct record in school that is as nearly perfect as you can make it.

Lovingly,

"Cousin Constance."

THE STORY OF EUROPA

Paraphrased from Hawthorne's story of "The Dragon's Teeth" in "Tanglewood Tales."

ONE day when the lovely Princess Europa was playing near the seashore with her three brothers, Cadmus, Phoenix and Cilix, a marvelous butterfly attracted their attention. It looked like a flower with wings and the boys determined to capture it. They chased it about the fields while Europa rested from play, sitting crowned with garlands on a flowery bank.

The boys had followed the butterfly to quite a distance, when there suddenly appeared before Europa a snow-white bull. The little girl was so startled that she was scarcely able to make a sound in calling for her brothers.

The bull, however, seemed to mean no harm and Europa soon discovered that he was quite friendly. His brown eyes were gentle and lovely and the creature seemed as playful and innocent as a lamb. He capered and leaped, and at last Europa ventured to pat his forehead, and even to hang one of her garlands about his horns.

This attention pleased the bull so greatly that he frisked and frolicked and ran a race to a distant part of the meadow and back. Then he bent his knees before Europa, seeming to invite her to mount his back. At first she drew back, but after a little, she began to think how she might surprise her brothers by appearing before them on the back of the bull.

At last the temptation was too great. Europa jumped lightly upon the bull's back and grasped each horn with a hand. The bull was delighted; he bounded into the air, then raced to the part of the field where the three princes were still chasing the butterfly, and pranced and capered about them.

Europa playfully waved her hand to her brothers.

"Good-bye!" she cried joyously.

At these words the bull turned and raced towards the sea, and as the boys watched breathlessly, he plunged into the waves, bearing Europa, and swam with her far out until they could see her no more.

It was no ordinary bull that had borne the lovely maiden away from those who loved her. Jupiter, the king of Gods, had changed himself into the shape of this marvelous creature, and now he bore her away to the shores of Mount Olympus, the home of the Gods.

(*See page* 89)

Something from Far Away

(*Continued from page 51*)

Yuankiang, China.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for six years. I enjoy you very much. I am ten years old and in three months I will be eleven. This is my first letter to you. I have one pet dog and seven chickens. I live in Mosha, China, in a mud hut with a flat roof, and the ladder that leads to the roof is a log six inches in diameter with notches cut in it for your feet. The village contains six houses. I am the son of a missionary and have never gone to school. Only mama teaches me. We are seven days travel from the railroad. We live two days from the postoffice and get our mail only once a week.

Five little pigs have been carried off at night by a tiger and two others bitten in the five months we lived here.

How many of you Little Folks readers will find on a map where I live and write me? My address is Yuankiang, Yunnan, China, Via Haiphong and Yunnanfu.

Your friend,
Charles Callendar.

Hazel Mason, 29 Eddywood Ave., Springfield, Mass., would like to hear from any girl who is a Freshman in high school.

Elizabeth Stafford, 402 18th Ave., No., Seattle, Wash., wants someone to write her. She is in the eighth grade.

Helen Wescott, Plattsmouth, Neb., would like to hear from any thirteen or fourteen year old boy or girl anywhere in the United States.

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Faith Murray, 307½ 20th St., Rock Island, Illinois.

Thomas Kish, 204 8th St., Glassport, Pa.

Mary Kish, 204 8th St., Glassport, Pa.

Elizabeth Miller, 403 So. L St., Tacoma, Wash.

Caroline Brewer, Indiahoma, Okla.

Virginia Brown, Box 38, Junction City, Ark.

Juanita Hepner, 2545 Trade St., Salem, Ore.

Brownie Bradford, 1310 N. Conrad St., Palestine, Tex.

Elise Isely, 1511 First Ave., Dodge City, Kans.

Helen Haseltine, 318 10th Ave., Baraboo, Wis.

Karl C. Spears, Palmetto, Fla.

Ernestine McIntire, 211 S. Niagara St., Maquoketa, Ia.

Ruth Hamilton, 655 N. Hayes, Pocatello, Idaho.

Dorothy Schmitt, 560 East 32nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Margaret J. Howell, Lindsay, La.

Henry C. Howell, Lindsay, La.

Floyd Boyer, 1706 Cheyenne Ave., Grand Forks, N. D.

Blanche Fine, Route No. 3, Alma, Ark.

Lucille Straight, Broomfield, W. Va.

August Barlow, 648 Melrose Ave., Ambridge, Pa.

Burton Lee Onwaller, R. F. D. 15, Fayette, Ohio.

Lillian Gallion, Natchitoches, La.

Katherine Wilfong, Newton, N. C.

Genevieve Tyll, 724 11th Ave., New York City.

Mildred Brinacombe, Anamosa, Ia.

Jessie Sobee, Delhi, Colo.

Marjorie Ann Snyder, Snow Shoe, Pa.

Margaret Bryans, Indian Spring, Ga.

Virginia Berry, 1007 Pearl St., Belvidere, Ill.

Elizabeth McKinstry, Union Bridge, Md.

Margaret P. Cole, 151 Second Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

Theron Colby, Liverpool, N.Y., would like to correspond with somebody born on July 21.

Mabel Aldridge, Millboro, N. C., would like to hear from a little girl in China or Japan.

Marion Howard, Scenic Driveway, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., would like to hear from a little girl in Michigan, as she has no one to write to.

Hazel White, N. Hersey Ave., Beloit, Kan., would like to correspond with girls and boys fifteen years old, living in Hawaii, the Philippines, Georgia and Alabama.

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By Margherita O. Osborne

THE DANCE OF THE PLEIADES

ANNA and Francis and Louis were seated around a table, each with a sheet of paper and a pencil. "Oh, dear!" Francis exclaimed, "I'm stuck, Anna! What do you want for Christmas? I can think of plenty of boy things, but not any girl presents!"

And just then Cousin Jimmie came in.

"So you don't want any more sisters, Francis!" he cried. "I have a mind to show you Seven Sisters, tonight, but they are too far away to trouble about Christmas presents."

It was clear and cold outside and soon the children had found Cassiopeia's Chair, and Andromeda and Perseus, which Cousin Jimmie had pointed out on a November evening.

"It makes my neck ache to look at Andromeda and Perseus, tonight," said Louis.

"Well, don't do it any longer," said Cousin Jimmie, "just look high up in the southeast, near the foot of Perseus. Do you see a cluster of stars that make a very tiny dipper?"

"Yes, I do!" said Louis. "There are five stars." "I see seven," said Anna.

"Those are the Seven Sisters," said Cousin Jimmie. "Otherwise known as the Pleiades. Story says they were the lovely daughters of Atlas, the giant who held the world on his shoulders according to the old Grecian myths." "Tell us about the Pleiades," begged Anna.

"They were playing ball in a grove, one day, when Orion, the hunter, came that way and saw their white tunics and golden hair through the trees. He wanted to play with the beautiful girls, but they were afraid of him and they ran, and ran, until they were exhausted, then they called on Jupiter to hide them and he changed them into birds. They flew to the sky and became stars.

"What is the bright reddish star, just below the Pleiades?" asked Francis.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, the eye of Taurus, the Bull," answered Cousin Jimmie. "The Pleiades are a part of the constellation of the Bull. You can see five stars which form a V. One of the five is the star Aldebaran. The V is the nose of the Bull. And you can find two stars at the ends of his long horns.

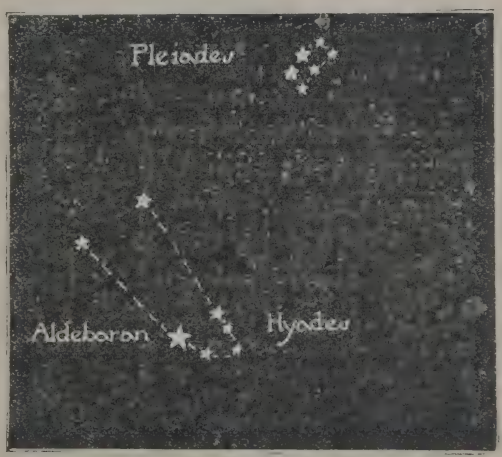
"But I have a bit of a surprise for you," and Cousin Jimmie pulled a pair of opera glasses out of his coat pocket.

"Ladies first!" he said. "Anna look at the Pleiades through these glasses and tell me what you see."

"Oh-oo-o!" cried Anna, "there are lots of stars — a regular cloud — and I could see only seven without the glasses."

"I want you to look at the cluster in the Bull's nose, too," said Cousin Jimmie. "It is called the Hyades."

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Francis, when he had his turn at the glasses, "how many stars are there, anyway? I can't count all I can see without an opera glass and there are ever so many more when you look through this!"



THE CONSTELLATION OF TAURUS AND THE PLEIADES

SHE KNOCKED SEVERAL TIMES, BUT NO ONE CAME.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

II.

Goldilocks saw no one at the windows of the cottage and heard no sound within. She knocked several times but no one came. She tried the latch and found the door was not locked.

"I'll peek in," said Goldilocks, opening the door a bit.

What she saw was very interesting, very interesting, indeed, to a little girl who had been taking a long walk in the woods and was tired and hungry.

(Look on page 96 for directions for making this picture in colored cut paper.)

PRESENTS

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City;" Principal Public School 45, The Bronx

Mary Louise was having a birthday and the express wagon held great attraction for her. "Here he comes, Mother. Oh, I wonder what he has for me?" And she was off to open the door before the man with the packages could ring the bell.

She danced around on one toe until the last signature had been written in the ragged brown book and the man properly escorted to the door.

"I wonder who sent this. I hope it's something I've been wishing for," and she cut the strings and shook out the box. Her face fell as she looked at it. "Note paper. Oh, dear! Well, I suppose it will come in handy. But it isn't a long-lasting present, is it, Mother?"

"But it is pretty, and one does need paper," comforted mother.

"This will surely be a good one," said the child, cutting the knotted strings of the next package. There was much wrapping paper and string, and at last a bundle, soft and rather heavy. Mary Louise tore off the last coverings and shook out on the table three sets of serviceable underwear. Very serviceable, plain, everyday things.

"I know who sent me that. I don't need to look at the card. Aunt Martha always sends me something useful. I hate useful things on my birthday." Mary Louise was almost crying.

"Never mind. There's still another package. I think that is the one you will like best. Open that and see."

"Oh, I know what that is. Aunt Mary sent me that. She's a dear. I wonder if it is a cup and saucer or a couple of spoons," and Mary Louise forgot her disappointment as she unwrapped the box with the jeweller's seals.

"Oh, look! Isn't that lovely? My, I wish Aunt Mary had been twins, Mother. Don't you? I guess you do, or else you wouldn't have named me Mary."

The delighted child was lovingly stroking a tea cup. "This makes my six cups and saucers and tea plates. And my sixth silver teaspoon. Mother, I don't believe there's another girl around here that has that."

"Maybe not. Few people understand how to send gifts to children," smiled mother.

Aunt Mary had begun sending china and silver, piece by piece, to her little namesake on anniversary days. The china was very lovely and the silver that went with it was an inspiration of the silversmith's. The little girl had learned to love beautiful things and had become used to handling them. She had formed a fine taste and appreciation. Some day, when she went to a home of her own, her silver and china would go with her as valued tokens of love and cherished symbols of wonderful days.

Wouldn't it be easier to make such gifts to children than to rush into a shop and demand breathlessly that the salesperson hand one a gift for a girl of fourteen or one of nine? Wouldn't it give the children more real pleasure in the end? And this holds for a boy as well as a girl. He may not want spoons and china, but he wants other things.

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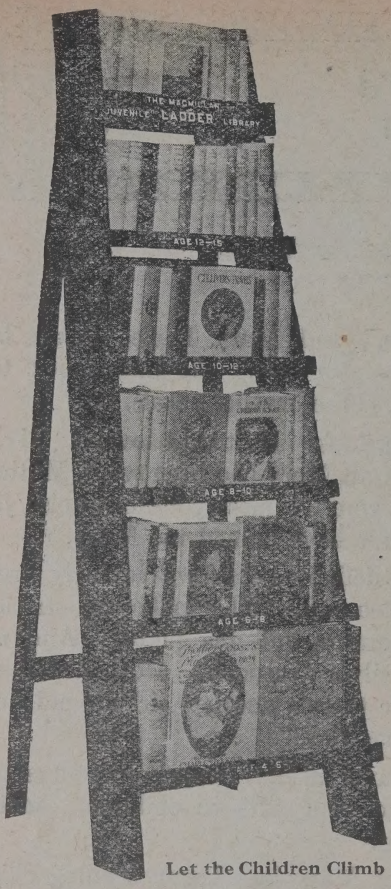

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Goldilocks Calls at the Strange House

Directions for making the picture on page 94

Make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white in the finished picture. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tinted papers with pins or paper clips, and so used as a pattern. In many cases — a sky, for instance — one piece of colored paper may cover a wide space and the other objects, such as trees, may be pasted over this color. The finer markings may be added with a pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of reasonably thick cardboard. The first of this set was printed in the November Little Folks.

L. J. Bridgman

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